
Assemble outside main church after Mass.

"He Began The Day With God."

"Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit...O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my spirit....Holy Mary, pray for me....O Mary, mother of grace, mother of mercy, do thou protect me from the enemy, and receive me at the hour of death....Come to his assistance, ye Saints of God, come forth to meet him; ye Angels of the Lord: Receiving his soul; offering it in the sight of the Most High....May Christ receive thee, Who hath called thee, and may the Angels bear thee into Abraham's Bosom."

With two Holy Cross priests, one Holy Cross Brother, his mother, father, devoted brother Pierre, two Holy Cross Sisters, Jerry Ransberger and his wife, about his bed Ray Esperman lay on his bed of death and breathed forth his soul to God.

Injured fatally with a broken neck, Ray was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital immediately. His pal and best friend, Jerry, was with him from the time of the accident until his death. After x-rays had proven that there was scarcely any hope for his recovery, he was anointed, fully conscious of what was going on, and shortly afterwards received Holy Viaticum.

But Ray had begun that tragic day with God in Holy Communion. Monday morning in Dillon Hall he received devoutly His God. Now he understands how Christ, the glorified Christ, is sacramentally present in the Eucharist. No longer does he have to believe because his faith has made him whole. No longer does he have to hope because he now possesses. Only charity, the love of God he carried in his heart, now endureth forever.

How glorious the Mother of God must be! What a beatific thrill was Ray's when he saw Mary for the first time—this beautiful Queen of Heaven, this Mother of God, now his mother in eternity. Indeed Ray need not be mourned. To who are left behind with our destiny unsealed are the ones to be sad. No man could have died a better prepared death. Notre Dame man that he was he saw death coming, walking with certain strides toward him; yet he met death with a smile, prayerfully, confidently, unafraid.

You know a good man when you see one, and Ray was every inch a man, as good a Notre Dame man as ever walked this campus. A serious, hard-working student, a loyal friend, a gentleman on the football field, in the classroom, as on the campus. A true Catholic, one who practiced his religion with manly devotion. A smiling personality, extraordinarily devoted to his mother and father, two sisters and two brothers. Not for a single moment did he cease them worry or concern.

Ray served his country in the armed forces for two years as a Navy signal corporal. This fall enrolled at Notre Dame, a life-long ambition was fulfilled. And so Notre Dame, the school he loved with heartfelt devotion, bid his sad farewell.

"Solemn High Mass Saturday morning, 6:30, main church, by K-C's. All K-C's be there and receive for Ray."

"They knew mother and father, brothers and sisters Notre Dame has its own."

"Death is not the end...but the beginning of eternal life with God."